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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

OCTOBER MEETING, 1921.

THE stated meeting was held on Thursday, the 13th instant, at three o'clock, P.M.; the first Vice-President, Mr. RHODES, in the chair.

The record of the last meeting was read and approved.

The Librarian reported the following accessions:

From the family of Rev. Henry F. Jenks, through his brother Charles W. Jenks, of Bedford, Mass., the manuscript papers of Rev. William Jenks, of his son John Henry Jenks, and of his grandson Rev. Henry F. Jenks, from 1800 to 1903. The collection contains interesting papers relating to the Church in Brattle Square, to the publishing work of John Henry Jenks, and of his successor, Jenks & Palmer, showing letters from S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley"), R. B. Thomas, S. A. Godey, G. S. Hillard, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, Mrs. George Ripley, and Nicholas Vinageras, of Brook Farm, George Bancroft, and others. With these papers are the letter-book of Jeremiah Fitch, 1811-1822, a list of failures in Boston in 1836-1837, and a number of pamphlets, maps and broadsides.

From Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, of Washington, D. C., letters received by William Everett from his sister Charlotte Brooks Everett (Mrs. Henry A. Wise) and from others, 1876 to 1905.

From Miss Josephine MacChord Shaw, additional papers of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw and Samuel S. Shaw, 1761-1908, and the diary of Mrs. John Oakes Shaw, kept in interleaved old Farmer's Almanacs, 1850 to 1879.

From Miss Annie Bradford, of Philadelphia, a number of manuscript papers of her grandfather Samuel Bradford, United States Marshal for the Massachusetts District, running from 1760 to 1797; and a sermon preached at his death in September, 1818.

From Miss Eliza Winslow Eaton Holland, a letter of M. I. Shaw dated U. S. Ship *Columbus*, Valparaiso, December 17, 1846.

From William Brooks Cabot, a photostat copy of his original alphabetical list of about 3700 Indian names of places, and variants, not found in Lithgow's *Dictionary*, with references to authorities.

From Charles Moore, of the Library of Congress, a photographic copy of the "Memoire et Description de l'Acadie par M. Antoine de la Motte-Cadillac, 1692," in the Archives, Marine and Colonies in Paris, relating to Acadia, New England and the coast to the south; also a typewritten copy of "Mr. J. Graves's Acct. of his Voyage, 1755," in his passage from Halifax to New London in a fifty-ton sloop, from the records to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, London.

From Arthur Lord, the Petition of Cornelius White, Ephraim Littel, John Tilden, John Baker, Elisha Foord, Nathaniel Garnet, Stephen Tilden, Joseph Tilden, Warren White, and Sylvanus White, in Plymouth Jail, May 20, 1776, to the Committee of Correspondence and Safety at Marshfield.

From Robert H. Van Court, a letter written by Andrew Jackson to Rev. Alexander Van Court, at Florence, Alabama, dated at the Hermitage, March 12, 1844, relating to the will and estate of General Thomas Overton.

From Zenas A. French, of Holbrook, Mass., a manuscript plan made in 1658, by Andrew Norwood, of land, thought to be north of Great Pond in Braintree.

From Miss Catharine Colvin, Lake Forest, Illinois, letters written by Charles Henry Hart to Charles Henry Savage, of Chicago, 1893-1905; one by J. E. Barr, March 24, 1893, and newspaper cuttings, relating to Edward Savage.

From Miss Mary Woodman, a letter written by Governor John A. Andrew to Cyrus Woodman, January 5, 1865.

From Frank J. Gerwe, manuscripts by Theodore Sedgwick, Jr., on his *A Memoir of the Life of William Livingston* (New York, 1833), and "The Diamond of New Oxford."

From Bennett F. Davenport, papers of Charles, his father, and of himself, relating to Charles River Basin and to railroad cars.

From Miss Elise B. Richards, a pass issued by Gov. John Letcher of Virginia, at Richmond, April 20, 1861, to William B. Richards and family, three days after Virginia seceded from the Union.

From Dr. John W. Farlow, a certificate of membership issued by the Handel and Haydn Society to his father John S. Farlow, February 14, 1840.

From Mrs. Henry P. Kidder, a Bible (Oxford, 1841) given by Millard Fillmore, December 31, 1850, to Miss Dorothea L. Dix, with autograph letter begging her "to accept the accompanying Bible as a slight testimony of my esteem for your active benevolence in the cause of suffering humanity." On July 20, 1882, Miss Dix gave the Bible to Henry P. Kidder, writing on the first flyleaf her autograph inscription to him. The gold clasp bears the inscription "M. F. to Miss Dix. 1851."

From Daniel Kilham Dodge, a letter of Daniel Kilham on the action of the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Rev. Elijah Parish's Election Sermon, 1810.

From Mrs. Leslie C. Wead (Kate H. Whitcomb), Howard Whitcomb, Russell Whitcomb, and Mrs. Alden H. Clark (Mary Whitcomb), children of William Wirt Whitcomb (1833-1914), the Whitcomb family papers (1705-1911), relating to Hingham, Cohasset, Scituate, and Boston; a record of the delivery of copies of the third edition of Wait's *American State Papers*, to subscribers in the West and South; also a Journal of Samuel Whitcomb from Boston to Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee in 1818, and a number of papers on the Workingmen's party in Dorchester.

From Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, a parchment *Testamur* given to Dr. Jacob Bigelow, his grandfather, by the College of Medicine in Philadelphia, dated May 1, 1821.

From John S. Codman, a copy of a letter of John Adams, dated at Quincy, May 15, 1815.

From Clarence S. Bingham, of Worcester, a reproduction of a broadside by Daniel Gookin, dated March 25, 1656, on the removal of English in New England to Jamaica in the West Indies.

From George B. Cutts of Brookline, by deposit, a volume of autograph letters of celebrities, 1674-1918, American, English, French and German, with engravings, and watercolor sketches, collected by members of the Cutts family.

From Mrs. William Robinson Cabot, by deposit, a trunk of about five hundred sermons preached by Rev. John Sylvester John Gardiner (1765-1830) at St. Helena, Dec. 25, 1787, to June, 1791, and at Boston, Sept., 1791, to Dec. 6, 1829, as Assistant Rector of Trinity, 1791 to 1804, and as Rector, 1804 to 1829; also a typewritten copy of the diary of Mrs. William Nye Davis, of Brookline, Jan. 8, 1861, to Jan. 11, 1863.

From Miss Katharine Ellis, of Los Angeles, California, *A Complete Collection of State Trials*, 1163-1820, in thirty-four volumes, London, 1816-1828, with the following inscription:

"To Charles Mayo Ellis, Esq. as a Token of Esteem and Grati-

tude for his manly Service in defending me and the Cause of the Freedom of Speech against the mean and cowardly Attacks of the Kidnapper's Court in Boston, which are this day brought to an appropriate and disgraceful defeat,—from his obliged Friend Theo. Parker, April 12, 1855."

From Charles E. Goodspeed, a printed oration, in verse, lacking the titlepage, evidently delivered on Pilgrim day anniversary, Dec. 22, 1817.

The Cabinet-Keeper reported the following gifts:

From Miss Catharine Colvin, of Lake Forest, Illinois, a number of miniature portraits and engravings by Edward Savage, painter and engraver, and other pieces, bequeathed to her by Charles Henry Savage, his grandson:

Miniature, on ivory, of one of his sons at the age of twenty.

Colored photographic reproduction of a portrait of Savage, by himself.

Colored photographic reproduction of a portrait of Mrs. Savage.

Miniature of his wife, Sarah Seaver Savage (1765-1861), by his grand-daughter, after a painting by Savage.

Portrait of Savage, engraved after a painting by St. Mémin, and three photographs of the same.

Wax portrait of Savage, perhaps by Rauschner.

Watch worn by Savage, showing three circles on the dial face for hours, seconds, and phases of the moon.

Photograph of a portrait of George Washington painted by Savage in 1793, presented to the Art Institute of Chicago by Miss Colvin on February 22, 1921.

Engraving of the family of Washington by Savage; published in 1798.

Engraving of Franklin by Savage, after a painting by D. Martin.

Engraving of the Landing of Columbus by D. Edwin after a painting by Savage; published in 1800.

Engraving of "Liberty" by Savage; published in 1796.

Engraving of "The Eruption of Mount Etna in 1787"; published in 1799, and in colors.

A Franklin Medal awarded to an Edward Savage by the City of Boston at the Dwight School.

From Dr. Howard M. Buck, a recent impression in wax from the matrix of the civil seal of Tangier, 1662-1684, in the possession of a descendant of Col. William Smith of St. George's Manor, Long Island, alias "Tangiers Smith," the last mayor of Tangier; also an impression of the seal of the Council of New England,

1686-7, on a part of an original document with Dudley's signature, which shows the absence of the legend above the head of the Indian, "Come over and help us."

From the family of Rev. Henry F. Jenks, through his brother Charles W. Jenks, of Bedford, Mass., a cannon ball dug up on the old redoubt on Bunker Hill, bearing the broad arrow, supposed to have been fired by a British ship on the morning of June 17, 1775; also a flint from the battlefield of Bennington; an arm rest and number, 33, from a pew in the Brattle Square Church; and several lottery tickets, old bank bills, and medallions.

From the New England Company, of London, an impression in wax of its silver seal of "The Corporation for Promoting the Gospel in New England," used by the Corporation from the date of its Charter by King Charles II until about 1901.

From Dr. Bennett F. Davenport, a photograph of the original color sketch of the proposed Charles River Basin, made by Albert L. Coolidge in 1874, for his father, Charles Davenport, of Watertown, also other photographs and a lithograph relating to the same subject, and cuts of Kimball and Davenport's Cambridgeport manufactory of cars and coaches, 1832 to 1842, and Charles Davenport's Car Manufactory, 1832-1857.

From Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., one of forty gold medals struck by order of the Sergeant-at-arms of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for the Legislative Committee appointed to receive President Wilson on his return from Europe, February 24, 1919.

From Grenville H. Norcross, thirteen photographs, by William T. Clark, of the Frigate *Constitution*.

From the Misses Charlotte Louise and Elizabeth Henshaw Flint, an oil portrait of John Gaspar Spurzheim, owned by their father Dr. John Flint, a personal friend, for whom it was painted.

From Frederick C. Shattuck, a lithographic view of Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., by Imberts Lithography, New York, inscribed by Peter Guigon, Jr.

From Miss Eliza Winslow Eaton Holland, relics of the Civil War period, old fashioned playing cards, engravings, and a metallic badge "Constitution and the Union."

From Miss Sally F. Shaw, photographs of American celebrities, and five Confederate States bills.

From Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a photogravure of Chief Justice Marshall from a painting by Henry Inman.

From J. E. Morse, of Hadley, Mass., the Centennial Medal of Amherst College, 1921.

From Dr. Malcolm Storer, the badge of the Convention of the American Numismatic Society held in Boston, August, 1921; and

the silver head of a cane inscribed "Capt. L. L. Goodspeed from Ira Chas Jr. Jan. 1, 1862."

From the Estate of Jane Norton Grew, an engraving of Sir Walter Scott, published by William Darton, London, 1822.

From Austin B. Fletcher, of New York, the Fletcher prize medal in gold of Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

From Peleg Coggeshall Chase, of Milton, two bonds, \$1000 each, of North Carolina, signed by Zebulon C. Vance as Governor.

From Ludger Gravel, of Montreal, the medal of La Cour des Artisans Canadiens Français of Springfield, of 1914.

From Miss Mary E. Powel, of Newport, R. I., a medal of the Boy Scouts.

From Mrs. H. S. Shaw, of Milton, seventy-one broken-bank bills and some Confederate States currency.

Service medals have been received from the cities of Everett, Fitchburg, and Leominster, and the towns of Marblehead, Millbury, Peabody and Wakefield.

The Corresponding Secretary reported the receipt of a cable message from Lord Charnwood accepting his election as a Corresponding Member of the Society, and a letter from William Cameron Forbes accepting his election as a Resident Member.

William Bennett Munro, of Boston, was elected a Resident Member of the Society.

George Burton Adams, of New Haven, was elected a Corresponding Member of the Society.

The Vice-President spoke briefly upon the appointments of delegates to the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments.

The Vice-President announced the death of Ex-Senator George Peabody Wetmore, a Corresponding Member, and of Lindsay Swift, a Resident Member.

Mr. FORD gave a tribute to Mr. Swift and was followed by Mr. WOLKINS who said:

Some few words may be appropriately said here of a field which Lindsay Swift made peculiarly his own during his long service at the Boston Public Library. Much of his work, it is true, he carried on in the recessed room, away from public view, but his best qualities were of a kind that the majority of editors and scholars do not specially possess.

The occasions when he particularly evidenced his remarkable aptitude for encouraging the art of writing were his evenings in Bates Hall. Year after year, at least twice a week, to within a day or two of his death, he took his turn at the custodian's desk. He could be expected on the stroke of six o'clock, stepping briskly as one eager for fresh contact with the everyday people to whom the Library owes its chief duty. There, as a diocesan watchful over his clergy, he not only preserved the tradition of personal serviceableness on the part of the library staff, but he made use of that charming talent of human kindness of which friends everywhere were so often the beneficiaries.

Did a youth but knit his brow over a catalogue Mr. Swift was instant in his attentive, cheery, but earnest "Can't I help you?" Courtesy is to be expected, as matter of course, in such employment, but our associate went far beyond mere civility. He had seen the Library grow from hardly more than a neighborhood service to a great civic department, and he could be nothing less than unswervingly loyal to the mission expressed in its motto, "*Lux omnium civium.*" His warm-hearted sympathies made him immediately responsive to any appeal for assistance, on any subject, whether trivial or no, and among the great company who looked to him as their philosopher and guide there will be those for a generation who will recall the manner and substance of his ministering. Today their number is legion, and they would not wish to be omitted from the circle of those who honor his memory.

When it comes to direct, intimate incentive to younger people, usually of the student age, persons many of whom show but dimly any sign of promise, there are few who have the stimulating power that was possessed and exercised by Mr. Swift. He had unusual faith in the honest purposes of plain people, he believed in their sincerity, he was certain that a little painstaking here and there would contribute to something approaching scholarship; he was certain also that sympathies could be broadened, that one could never be sure that a very slight impulse might not lead to broad cultural consequence, however unengaging the material might appear. His evenings of stewardship in Bates Hall were seminars in the refining value of much reading, and to his

self-appointed task he applied his thoroughness and his fine literary taste with affection and zeal.

A further object, he was fond of saying, was to bring together people who could be mutually helpful. To one of his benevolent instinct, to whom the little distinctions of others were his own sufficient reward, how long must have been the vistas present to his discerning spirit? Who can estimate the number of messages of introduction he wrote? Or the number of young writers whose labored composition he struggled to mould into acceptable "copy." When there was the interest of some protégé to advance, he was as lavish with the resources of his private assemblage of books as with his time, his energy, and his literary skill: not sparing himself he worked hard in this way as in others to enrich the domain of letters.

For this Society he had a high regard. In a letter last spring he wrote, "You will enjoy the spirit of truthfulness and freedom which broods over their meetings." The "spirit of truthfulness and freedom" is something that Lindsay Swift shared in an eminent degree.

Dr. EMERSON read the following paper on

A CHAPLAIN OF THE REVOLUTION.

One hundred and fifty-six years ago a young man was summoned from his teacher's desk in the town of Reading, to take upon his willing shoulders the heavy responsibilities laid down in death by Daniel Bliss, the honored pastor of Concord, Massachusetts.

The days were those from the passage of the Stamp Act to the Declaration of Independence, when a mighty ferment was in the breasts of the people, and the question, alike in Religion and in Politics, was — shall it be Courage or Submission, Independence or Loyalty, the New or the Old?

Let us look backward and see the utterly different conditions then prevailing in New England away from the seaboard. The townships were large then — six miles square at least — but they were self-dependent communities almost purely agricultural and the school of necessity had in the

past century taught these English men and women in each family to be largely their own defenders, providers, mechanics and manufacturers.

The people were of one blood and kindred. A town and parish were one, and usually all the people of a settlement worshipped — and under severe penalty for non-attendance — in the great, wooden, barn-like temple that their fathers built to God.

With the fall of Quebec the fear of the Indian and of the inciting Frenchman, had passed, and the country flourished.

These people called themselves English and spoke of England as "home." Yet each generation of English in America that opened their eyes on its fresh beauty found it harder to understand why the Mother Country should try step-motherly measures on them, and then, as freeborn Englishmen, they felt in honour bound to resist these measures, but at first without thought of Revolution.

Thanks to the intervening miles of woods and swamps and ledges, the towns of this region were not too much under the wing of royal governors and Boston ministers, and from the first had an independent character. Their tone has always been remarkably democratic. They had the good fortune to be unusually free from distinctions of classes, and this shows in the older dwellings, which were comfortable; but Concord, unlike many New England towns of its size, had hardly one even moderately handsome colonial house.

The nearness of the town to Harvard College, where most of its ministers were graduated, modified and humanized the severe type of its Calvinism, as was the case in Eastern Massachusetts generally.

To Concord, then, a town large and important in the Colony, came the young William Emerson. The stirring times he lived in and his own share in the day's work, as citizen, in the exercise of his office in his village and many others, and, later, in the Army, the record he left of these; together with the human picture of the life and home of a young country minister in the 18th century, have led me to believe that the story is of general interest and that I am

not over-stepping the bounds of propriety in presenting to this company these memorials, although of an ancestor.

In Malden (Massachusetts) lived and preached for forty-six years Joseph Emerson (born 1700), fourth in descent from Thomas Emerson of Ipswich, first of the family in the Colony. He was pious, poor and a devoted scholar. He graduated at Harvard College in 1717. He married Mary, daughter of Rev. Samuel Moody, of York, Maine (then Agamenticus), a man earnest, eccentric and humane.

At their marriage a relative had preached a wedding sermon from the text "In the day of prosperity *be joyful*," but this good man would not deal niggardly with Providence as to what was prosperity. When, three years after their marriage his home burned (1729), he assembled his family — Mary his wife, and Hannah a babe in arms — and sang the hymn "There is a house not made with hands" while it burned.¹

Mary Moody, Joseph's wife, was a good and sensible woman, a balance-wheel to her husband, and worshipped by her many children, of whom three were, like their father, ministers — Joseph of Pepperell, William of Concord, the subject of this story, and John of Conway. William was born in 1743.

Miss Mary Moody Emerson, William's daughter, who lived to a great age, gave this account of the workings of the Emerson household to us in our childhood. I remember her well.

If it had not been for his mother, my father would perhaps have been killed by confinement when he was a boy. His father, a close and eager student himself, thought the boy ought never to leave his lessons. When William was cocking hay one after-

¹ May I be pardoned for introducing here, because of its quaintness, an anecdote of Father Moody and his son-in-law, though a little irrelevant. It is told that, when the scholarly Joseph carried his wife home to visit, and preached for his father-in-law, the York people praised the sermon so much that Moody, being himself struck with the contrast between the polished style of the written-out discourses and his own rugged and searching harangues, felt it a duty to write out a sermon carefully. He began to read it, but did not prosper; thrust it from him, and cried: "Emerson must be Emerson, and Moody must be Moody! I feel as if I had my head in a bag! You call Moody a rambling preacher, and so he is. But he is just fit to catch rambling sinners like you! You have all wandered from the Lord."

noon his father looked out of the window and called: "Billy! Billy! that is a waste of your precious time. Go back to your books!" But his mother said, "No, it does him good to work a little, he has books enough."

They all believed in poverty, and had no relations with the brother, John of Topsfield, a merchant, a worldly man. My grandfather prayed morning and night that none of his descendants might ever be rich.

The young William, spurred by his father and spared by his mother, went to Harvard College and graduated in 1761. It is said that he first taught school in Roxbury, thence he went to Reading, to teach and, while there, it appears was seriously weighing the question of becoming a minister of the Gospel. For we have this letter inserted because of its flavour of old-time piety and simplicity, written from Malden, October, 1763, in which the delighted father — pious man of books and pens — writes:

DEAR SON,

I send you one of ye choicest Books I have in my Library and commend more especially the Reading of ye 10th Discourse to you (or rather ye Discourse upon ye 10th text) which begins at p. 353, which *exceeds*, far exceeds, and therefore will in a great measure *supersede* what I can write upon so important and interesting a Point, and, I might add, so *seasonable* a one, especially for you.

Dear Child, your Mother and I are not little concerned for you. It was with a special view for the *Ministry* that we have been at so great an expense for your Education: If therefore your Genius and Disposition leads to it, and you should be qualified for it, both as to Gifts and Graces, it would be an inexpressible Addition to our Comfort and Joy. I believe if you should attentively read ye whole Book, your time w'd be well spent. We earnestly commend you to God, and rest

Your very affectionate Parents

J. }
M. } EMERSON

P. S. Due Respects to your Landlord and his Spouse. If you could make and send me two or three more of such Pens as you

last made for me, yt would be very acceptable. I think I scarcely ever wrote with Pens that suited me quite so well.

Not only this letter, but what we know of his immediate future, shows that William had already made studies to that end, for within a year we find him preaching frequently, and a candidate at Concord.

His diary of 1764 is preserved. In this we find him teaching school, now in the Meeting-house in Reading Centre, then for four months each in different districts of the town. His preaching is "attended with remarkable success." Before the small-pox prevented going and coming, he was fortunate enough to go to Boston and "bought a musselin gown; price £22-10-". History repeats itself, and the youth enters in his Diary, "Borrowed a *Johannes* of my Pater; went to Cambridge." He seems to have the pleasantest relations with the Reading people, and attends weddings and barn-raisings and holds singing-meetings at the school-house, all of which are recorded in his Diary. The man of the gown did not neglect his duties to the State, and was not above enjoying them, for we find in May, "Training at Col. Nichols's. Paraded with the company: parade far beyond expectation. Dined at the Colonel's with Mr. Hobby, Mr. J. Emerson and the officers."

In May, after a visit to Malden to be received into full membership of his father's church, he goes up to his brother Joseph's, in Pepperell, and preaches in his pulpit, apparently his first sermon. Was "unexpectedly composed"; and next month preaches for his friends and neighbors in the church in Reading.

But just after assuming charge of the school at the Precinct, on returning from a ride to a neighboring town, he finds, "A man from Concord at my landlord's who came to engage me to preach four Sabbaths: very much at a stand what to do." Rev. Daniel Bliss, the pastor of Concord, had died in May. Next day he writes: "Concluded upon the whole to engage half the time," gets a substitute in the school and goes home to "study closely" and write the sermons. He preached in Concord, July 8th, and evidently pleased the people, for he writes in the diary, "After Exercise the Young Men appealed to me to preach a sermon to them."

Thus encouraged, and helped out by his father and brother by exchanges, the young man gave such satisfaction that this provisional engagement was prolonged. But, now that he is found out, invitations come in from all quarters, and hardly a Sunday passes without duties for him in towns, from Concord to Cape Ann.

These calls justified his buying a horse, bridle and saddle and bags; and indeed the amount of riding done during this year on horses borrowed, hired or bought, on excursions, sometimes for duty, sometimes for social or family purposes, is astonishing.

When he went to Concord he lodged with Madam Bliss, the widow of the lately deceased pastor, and there he quickly established relations that passed from the friendly to the filial. A few weeks after his first coming to preach he records: "Aug. 21. Rid out with Mrs. P. [Mistress Phebe]; a pleasant ride"; and again, in the end of September he comes to Concord for Sunday; but on Monday does not, however, set out for Malden. He writes, "Oct. 1st. Tarried at Concord: P. M. Rode round the new Square with ——. Waited upon the Committee; agreed to supply the pulpit among them two months from November." In February, 1765, he was invited by the Church of Concord, to become their Minister; this action was confirmed by the Town at their March meeting, and on the 1st of January, 1766, he was ordained Pastor, he being then in his twenty-third year.

Mrs. Bliss received her husband's successor as an inmate of her household. The hospitable house with its massive timber-walls, once the central garrison-house, or fort, of the town, but modified by Daniel Bliss and his successors, is still standing.¹ In those years it was no Castle of Dulness. Sons and daughters were there; interesting young people and full of life, some of them older and some younger than the new comer.

On August the 21st, "after the Thursday lecture," William Emerson married Mistress Phebe, and they continued

¹ On Main Street next the Bank. It was occupied, in succession, in the 19th century by Dr. Hurd and Dr. Barrett, and is now owned by Mrs. Holland.

to live at Madam Bliss's for a time. We have a remarkable and touching picture of this household in the words of his daughter, Miss Mary Moody Emerson:

They all lived together there while the Manse was building — they made one happy family together. At that time Hannah Bliss, the oldest daughter, the darling of them all, had gone to Springfield with her lover to visit his relatives. It was Court week in Concord and a great holiday, and they were all in the kitchen together making preparations. My grandmother Bliss was making the pastry, and the others were cooking, when my father [i.e., William Emerson] came into the kitchen, walked up to her and said, "Madam, prepare for heavy tidings." She took her hands — all flour — out of the pan and knelt right down on the kitchen floor: then she stood up and said, "I am ready." And he told her that Hannah's lover had tried to ford the Connecticut at the wrong place and the river was high, and the current had drawn her right out of the chaise and swept her away, and horse and chaise too, and her lover hardly got to land himself, and was crazy. He ran into the town calling out, "Woman drowned! Woman drowned!" My father was a man of deeds. In ten minutes the saddle was on the horse, and he in the saddle and started for Springfield to see what could be done. But they did not find her.

It appears from William Emerson's letters that his relations with the Bliss family were close and pleasant. Yet, year by year a sword was forging, which was to shear and sunder the closest bonds of family and friendship. Of his Bliss brothers two in the day of trial chose the service of the King and two that of their Country; and the Minister, an eager Son of Liberty, must have had more to do with Thomas Theodore, and Samuel, then a patriot, both of whom at the time of the Boston Massacre — so-called — had come near being victims. I find this letter from William Emerson to his wife:

PORTER'S ON WENHAM,
Fryday 4 o'clock

DEAR MRS. EMERSON: — Thro' ye goodness of God, our hon'd Mother, Sister Ruthe, and myself are thus far on our journey to Newbury-port: was at Boston yesterday — scarcely arrived in Season to see ye awful & solemn Procession — extremely affect-

ing. 4 Persons buried in ye same Grave with young Snider, & a Monument (I understand) is to be erected over them to perpetuate their Memory as Martyrs in ye glorious Cause of Liberty! But however affecting such a scene as the Murder of ye 4 above-mentioned, yet to you & I it is more sensibly felt, & ought to be gratefully resented, — the very wonderful Preservation of our dear Brethren Theo'r. and Sam'll: Before these lines reach you, you will hear Particulars concerning the imminent Danger they were in. I was almost overcome with a Relation of the tragical scene — may it deeply impress their minds. . . . From your affectionate Husband,

W. EMERSON

Of William's letters to his family it may be said that they are human and affectionate, often with a playful element, and in marked contrast to so many 18th century New England letters abounding in religious exhortation or stilted rhetoric, to the exclusion of all human interest.

As pastor and preacher there seems to be much evidence that the young minister of Concord was not only well read, but zealous and much in earnest, and that he spared himself no pains to win the ears and the hearts of his people. Writing to his brother John, of Conway, Massachusetts, he apologizes for the shortness of his letters, because, he says, he writes his sermons out first and then commits them to memory that he may deliver them with more effect.

He so forcibly urged good life, and dwelt so little on Grace in some sermons which I have seen, particularly those to the soldiers, that, it is to be feared he would not have satisfied his predecessor who, stirred up by Whitefield, was more severely Calvinistic, and extolled Grace over works in sermons so emotional, and even noisy, that they gave offence to many, and had caused a division in his church so serious that in its settlement by Councils, nearly every church in that part of Massachusetts was drawn into its widening vortex.

The young Pastor unfortunately inherited, with the church, the smouldering remnants of this conflict, and the trouble with the few "aggrieved brethren" lasted until the new issues brought on by the coming war drove the old out of

sight. Happily, in his last years, pastor and people were in entire good will with each other.

Meantime he had bought the pleasant fields ¹ beyond the village sloping to the Musketaquid or Concord River, close beside the North Bridge, and built there (about 1769) the comfortable Manse (later when mosses of age had greened the gambrel roof, to be celebrated by Hawthorne) with pleasant little rooms to suit his wife's fancy — a nest for his Phebe-bird as he affectionately calls her in a letter — and at the outbreak of the war he had a boy of five years and three little girls. Here he studied and wrote and prayed; here he grew his corn and peas and hay, pastured his horse and few sheep; here on Wood-Day his people brought him his 25 or 28 cords, and here also, as they came on foot, on horseback, or in high chaises, he entertained his numerous relatives, the brother ministers, and the bold spirits of the day, who came to talk on the startling condition of the Province and the duties of the people.

The storm was gathering fast; but, with each new attempt upon their liberties, the courage and determination of the people became more apparent. The months of 1774 drew the patriots in all the towns nearer together in the common cause. Covenants against consumption of tea were entered into. The whole town resolved itself into a Committee of Safety. The Provincial Congress met in Concord in the autumn (William Emerson acting as their chaplain). The town was chosen as an important inland settlement, far enough from governor and garrison, to be safe, and yet not inconveniently remote. Cannon and powder, ball and grape-shot were bought and brought to Concord, and the October sun shone on a flag floating from a Liberty Pole set up by the people on the hill over the graves where rested the dust of their fathers.²

¹ From Daniel Brown, the "Blood Place," named from a family only extinct about 1880, just beside the North Bridge, then the only bridge over the main river; the South Bridge crossing the Musketaquid above the town.

² The Flag at this time was the British Ensign with "Union and Liberty" or other motto. The Federal flag, first used, was the British Union Jack, i.e., St. George's Red Cross, with St. Andrew's white diagonal and St. Patrick's white cross beneath. The Federal flag, thirteen stripes and British Union Jack, was first hoisted near Boston, January 1, 1776; Stars and Stripes, 1777.

Each page in the minister's brief diary shows his interest and activity in his Country's cause.

1775

Jan. 12th Lecture. Preached from *To see Thy Power and Thy Glory*. Training for the purpose of enlisting Minute Men (Unsuccessful.)

15th Communion Day Preached from I Corinthians, 6th, ult. Ye are bought with a Price (therefore glorify God in your Body and your Spirit wh. are God's) P. M. Mr. Minot from "Lord increase our faith."

16th The Minute Men enlisted to the No. of 40 or 60.

31st 100 Minute Men in Arms recruited in the week. A Multiplicity of Town Meetings and Trainings and other Meetings of various kinds. Much time spent in Military Maneuvres.

March 13th. A general Review of Arms in Concord; Preached to the soldiers from II Chronicles, 13, 12. "Behold God himself is with us for our Captain and his priests with sounding trumpets to cry alarm against you." The last part of the text he applies to the British Parliament and Ministry "to their immortal infamy committing Treason against the Constitution of the Colony," that solemn compact between Prince and subjects. "O Children of Israel fight ye not against the Lord God of your fathers, for ye shall not prosper."

I wish that time would permit my reading this spirited exhortation to the Provincial recruits. As utterly assured as any soldier of Cromwell in the faith of that day that the righteous cause *must triumph*, not in the end, but at once, unless its soldiers *by their sins* brought chastisement on themselves, he shows how Abijah, beset in front and rear by Jeroboam with an enormous army, outnumbering his own by two to one, *because God was with him*, utterly overthrew them. He cheers the village soldiers with the assurance that God will fight for them, *if each will but do his faithful duty*. Then extolling the duty of a true soldier's calling, he very sensibly (evidently knowing well the besetting sin of the New England soldiers) shows him the absolute necessity of thorough training, prompt obedience and unquestioning subordination, and also of a temperate and God-fearing

conduct. That is his part: God will do the rest. He explains to them that their rights have been invaded, and that they cannot properly be called rebels, and that, though their fathers did not live to see this evil day, he believes that they foreſaw it, and took every means in their power to guard the infant state from the encroaching arm of unconstitutional power, and to leave their children free from shackles which they themselves escaped by venturing over into the American wilderness. "No, my hearers!" he says, "let us not be more unkind to the generations yet to be born than our fathers were to us, lest in time to come they rise up and call us cursed." He looks at the prospect and admits its gloom.

Yes, to tell you the truth, if I thought you could possibly be innocent and stand unconvicted in the eye of Heaven, if you dropped your weapons and submitted to the late Bill for the alteration of the Constitution, I would immediately change my voice and preach to you the *long-exploded doctrine of Non-resistance*. But as an honest man and as a minister of Jesus Christ, as a servant of Heaven, I dare not do it. As a friend to righteousness, as a priest of the Lord who is under the Gospel Dispensation, I must say — *The Priests blow the trumpets in Zion — stand fast — take the Helmet, Shield and Buckler and put on the Brigandine!*

Arise! my injured countrymen! and plead even with the sword, the firelock and the bayonet, plead with your arms the birthright of Englishmen, the dearly-purchased legacy left you by your never-to-be-forgotten Ancestors. And, if God does not help, it will be because your Sins testify against you: otherwise you may be assured. But . . . let every single step taken in this most intricate affair be upon the defensive. God forbid that we should give our enemies the opportunity of saying justly that we have brought a civil war upon ourselves by the smallest offensive action.

From the *Diary* I read:

March 13th A general review of arms was held in Concord. (Inspection.)

March 22 Congress set in town. Refreshing news from home. Great appearance of a change in our public affairs.

April 3d. This month is ushered in with the alarming news of 15 Regiments of British troops on their Passage to Boston,

which with the 11 already there, will amount to 10,000. The Congress continues their Sessions in this town.

9th. Some hopeful symptoms respecting our Public Affairs.

But, in these very days, Captain Brown and Ensign de Berniere of the King's Troops were visiting the village in disguise, the guests of Emerson's brother-in-law. Daniel Bliss, the leading lawyer of the town, a man of great influence and good repute, who had done his best in the excited town-meetings to hold Concord loyal, and, with an eloquence that made his hearers turn pale, had pictured the crushing power with which a justly-incensed Kingdom would, within a twelvemonth, bring her handful of rebel subjects to their knees. These officers noted the topography of the town exactly, and learned what stores, ammunition and cannon had been gathered there by order of the Provincial Congress. Mr. Bliss lived in a small house near his mother's. In the talk, one of the officers said, "But your people will not fight." Bliss pointed out of the window at his brother, Thomas Theodore, just then passing, and said, "There goes a man who will fight you in blood up to his knees."

Daniel, whose life had been already threatened, should he venture to leave town, fled with the officers on their return, and his estate was the only one confiscated in Concord. He spent the rest of his days in Halifax and was rewarded for his loyalty. Thomas Theodore became an officer in the American army and was captured and held prisoner during the war.

The Nineteenth of April came and with its small hours of the morning, not Paul Revere, who never "Crossed the bridge into Concord town" (for he was captured just beyond Lexington, within the limits of Lincoln, by a British picket), but Samuel Prescott, a young Concord doctor. He had been spending a long evening with Miss Mulliken, a young lady of Lexington, and when Revere and Dawes brought the news, learned it at the Tavern. He mounted and rode with them, but when the picket rushed out on their party, leaped the wall and rode across country, around through Lincoln and brought the startling news to our village.

At three o'clock the iron tongue of the church bell with rapid and heavy strokes called Concord to wake to its great opportunity. Minute-Men and Militia gathered fast on the Common, messengers were sent to Lexington to verify the news of the coming of the Regulars, and rode fast to call in the aid of the sister towns, a call instantly responded to by their armed sons.

Old Colonel Barrett began to send cannon and ammunition to the remoter towns for concealment, and some were hastily buried in dung-heaps or in some field, which was then ploughed to cover the signs of digging.

A Concord veteran telling to George Bancroft the story of that day, said that at the first alarm William Emerson promptly appeared with the others, his firelock in his hand.

Some years ago I heard from Professor Butler, in the University of Wisconsin, that his father used to tell him of an old man in Rutland, Vermont, who in his younger days worked in Concord. This man related how when on the 19th of April he stood in line with the others at sunrise, on the Green, and saw the British column turn the corner (Heywood's), seven hundred strong (grenadiers brilliant with steel and scarlet, their light infantry thrown out as flankers on the ridge of hills above the road), he felt as if he should die if he could not get away. But just then the minister, walking along behind the line, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Don't be afraid, Harry; God is on *our* side," and after that his mortal fear passed away. The minister is said (by Shattuck in his history) to have been one of those who rashly advised standing and abiding the issue in the town, notwithstanding the great odds in numbers. "If we are to die, let us die here," are the words reported of him. Fortunately some of the old Indian-fighters had a better plan.

Lincoln (in less stirring times united with Concord in military service) had promptly sent her brave company to aid her sister in her dire need, and Eleazer Brooks, later a Colonel in the Provincial Army, said wisely, "No, it will not do for us to begin the war." Word of the attack by the Regulars on Captain Parker's Company on Lexington Green, dyed with the blood of its martyrs, had not yet come. For-

tunately the prudent counsels prevailed and the Provincial force fell back beyond the river to wait for reinforcements.

The only road across the main river led by the minister's house, "The Manse," and here his people, some of the officers, urged him to stay, as a clergyman and non-combatant could properly do. He was reluctant, for he identified himself with the soldiers, but here was his delicate and frightened wife and his four little children with no other protector than he, except a black-man, a former slave, who, axe in hand, at the first alarm had burst into Mrs. Emerson's room crying "the Red coats have come," at which news she had fainted.

Meantime alongside the retreating Minute-Men came many women and children, falling back from the town now occupied by the royal troops (already rolling flour-barrels into the mill-pond and burning cannon-carriages): yet down the road could be seen the scarlet of six British companies following to the Bridge.

William Emerson's duty was clear. He stayed close by his house to guard his family; first feeding the frightened women and children that took sanctuary in his yard and, later, eagerly watching the yeomen of Middlesex gathered in council on the hill opposite, by Major Buttrick's house. For the British soldiers had passed the Manse and occupied the Bridge-head. Mr. Emerson was beside the enemy within half a musket-shot of them. For a man who had used all his influence to bring on the Revolution, there was perhaps as much danger on his premises with the soldiers there, as with the Minute-Men on the hill.

Concord's little force stood on the Buttrick farm on the hill beyond the river,¹ but her children, the villages of Lincoln, Acton, Sudbury and Carlisle, with neighbors — Chelmsford, and Westford — had hurried their sons to help her in her dire need. Suddenly a column of smoke rose over the town from burning cannon-carriages. Joseph Hosmer, the adjutant, shouted, "Are you going to let them burn the town?" The yeomen officers looked at each other. Davis, the Acton Captain, said, "I haven't a man that's afraid to go," and Major John Buttrick led his homespun-clad column

¹ Still owned and occupied by the family, represented by Stedman Buttrick, great-grandson of the Major.

— Acton and Concord men — down on to the causeway, marching beside Davis, who had the post of honor. As they came, the red-coats fell back to the hither shore and formed in haste, imperfectly deployed, mainly in column. They fired a warning shot or two; then the whole front flashed, and Davis and a private fell dead.

Then Major Buttrick knew his time was come — “Now, fire, soldiers, for God’s sake! — FIRE!” The smoke cleared: two English soldiers lay dying. Four of their eight officers were wounded.

One point in the Concord fight has never been fully appreciated, this namely: When Major Buttrick was ordered by Colonel Barrett to carry the bridge to save the town, he was also under orders *not to fire first*; so he, with Captain Davis, headed a charge by Acton and Concord men, of whom only the former had bayonets. Buttrick *stuck to his instructions, and received on the open causeway the English volley at but forty paces distance before he gave the order to fire*. William Emerson, looking on, said next day that he was exceedingly anxious first, lest the Minute-Men should fire first, then, lest they should not return the fire.¹

But a reaction followed inevitably. Captain Laurie, commanding the British troops at the bridge, fell back with his contingent towards the town. He did not wait for the return of his other companies sent up to Colonel Barrett’s farm. Our people followed him across the bridge without waiting to waylay this contingent, but fell back to the hill opposite the Manse and allowed these companies to cross the bridge and rejoin their regiment in the town. Our people had had enough for the moment and were, so to speak, gasping at what they had done. Though they had not shed the first blood, they had committed treason and were plunged in civil war, and here at their feet lay British officers and soldiers dead and wounded by their fire.

Without being led too far away from the subject of this memoir, we must pay a short tribute to the Regulars. Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn accomplished, as far as conditions allowed, the search for and destruction of war

¹ It is pleasant to say that descendants of William Emerson and Phebe Bliss, still own the Manse, essentially unchanged.

material and supplies, yet treated the inhabitants humanely, and conducted a very difficult and valiant retreat. When Lord Percy received the retiring column at East Lexington, they had been fighting steadily for eight miles with constantly renewed antagonists, were utterly exhausted, and had but a few cartridges left. Moreover, the command had, without sleep, marched by night twenty miles to Concord.

What was the result of the expedition? It marched before dawn to snuff out Yankee rebellion. It reached protection by the guns of the *Somerset* man-of-war, barely escaping capture by the troops of Essex County, in the evening. Thereafter Boston was in a state of siege until its evacuation, eleven months later.

A few days later the Minister writes in his journal: "Attend prayers at the Meeting-house with seven hundred soldiers from the frontier towns. Went to Cambridge and Malden. The whole country universally alarmed." He concludes: "This month remarkable for the greatest events taking place in the present Age." In June he visited the camp at Cambridge several times, and dined at headquarters.

During the whole period of the siege of Boston, Mr. Emerson was most active, in the pulpit of Concord and other towns, and also in the saddle. From before the war until the time of his death he was an eager Son of Liberty. A horseman from choice, as well as necessity, his rides to preach or on public business extended far and wide. In the records of the Provincial Congress we find the following: June 1st, 1775. Mr. Emerson asked through Colonel Barrett, the delegate from Concord, "for the use of one of the horses, taken from the Regulars, during the absence of the Hon. Thomas Cushing, who has Mr. Emerson's horse now in the public service." The petition was granted. Emerson, however, was to maintain this desirable sorrel horse.

Diary, "June 17th. This morning the King's troops drove us from our entrenchments at Bunker Hill. . . . the Militia goes down to the Army." Next day he writes that in the fight "ye enemy killed 50 men, and wounded many more: ye loss on their side is computed as 12 to 1, at ye very lowest."

In a letter written to his wife soon after the Battle of Bunker Hill, the chaplain expresses his belief that a little

more energy and good strategy could have, at the time, retaken the hill (now heavily fortified) because of the great losses of the British in the taking of it. "But He who gave courage to the party that first engaged the enemy was pleased as remarkably to withhold it from those who were sent to their relief. . . . Court Marshals are setting every day calling Colonels, Captains, &c., to acc't for their cowardice." This was during the general confusion before General Washington took command and unified the Army.

July: "Tarried this week in the Army as Chaplain: prayed with Colonels Nixon's and Woodbridge's Reg'ts every morning before sunrise, and eve 6 o'clock."

Then he returns to Concord and does his haying. From a long letter describing the motley houses and tents of the army investing Boston the following is worth preserving:

Last Saturday, visited ye camp, or rather wigwams of ye Indians who are under ye care and Government of Colonel Paterson, who informed me to my great satisfaction yt yy were wholly under his control. They are permitted to live by themselves in a very thick wood that belongs to Inman's Farm. . . . They have some of them bro't their squaws and papooses with them. I had the pleasure of sitting down with 'em at a fine mess of clams, cooked and eat in ye true genuine Indian taste. I wish you had been there to see how generously they put their fingers into ye dish and pic't out some of ye largest clams to give me, and with what a fine Gust I eat them. . . .

Yesterday morning, was disagreeably surprized by finding no difference in this, from other mornings as to ye Drums beating, Fifes playing, Regiments maneuvring, men working at ye Entrenchments, &c. . . . The General has issued orders yt ye Fast be strictly kept ye next Thursday, and no work be done at ye Forts, if it can possibly be avoided.

During the winter and spring he is hard at work preaching, often exchanging, and glad of the opportunity of consulting with leading men of other towns.

March 17th. "This morning the Ministerial troops left Boston in confusion and Disorder. Deo Gratias! "

April 19th. "This ever memorable Day was noticed by meetings for Public Worship and a memorial of the transactions of that Day." William Emerson gave the sermon.

In this enthusiastic and perhaps over-triumphant address, celebrating the victory of the year before, it is interesting to note the growth of public opinion in thirteen months. Our people are no more subjects, showing their loyalty to the British state by demanding the Constitutional rights of Englishmen, but they are Americans, at war with England, and proudly sure of their independence and great future.

The Anniversary of this day, my countrymen, though it cannot be said to be a morning without clouds, yet methinks the clouds are morning ones, that will soon pass away. Britain's tyrannic power, however hard to bear, has taught us lessons we should ne'er have learned without her, has taught us our own strength and how to live without her. She'll sway her iron sceptre over this world no more, a glory this too bright for all but those who hold the golden sceptre of peace and righteousness.

In summer Mr. Emerson notes the bringing into Concord, as prisoners, of the Highland regiment of Sir Archibald Campbell (Fraser Highlanders). They were confined in the jail. They had sailed into Boston Harbor not knowing of the evacuation.¹

July 25th. The companies from Concord and Medford being ready to march to Canada, Captain Miles paraded them before the meeting and they went in and attended lecture, William Emerson preaching from the text, "And in War he shall redeem thee from the power of the sword."

On Sunday, August 4th, ten days later, he asked leave of the Church and Town, and obtained it by their votes, to "go as a Chaplain into the Continental Army, they to supply the pulpit." His youngest child, a little daughter, was born three days after this, and he only waited to assure himself that his wife was regaining her strength before following his Regiment.

We can see the picture. The Chaplain, still young, vigorous and hopeful, riding away from the Manse on the captured "sorrel horse" which the Provincial Congress had granted him to use, with valise and saddle-bags behind him.

¹ The story of this incident was carefully investigated and written by Mr. Charles Hosmer Walcott, of Concord, who found both here and in Scotland very interesting material for his book.

He was dressed in a long black coat of which he laughingly complains to his wife in a later letter that he shall be ashamed among the Military gentlemen, and begs her to turn his blue one, shorten its skirts, and face it with black. He perhaps wears a plain cocked-hat, and possibly a sword, for it is mentioned in the appraisal of his effects. The story which has been handed down at the Old Manse is that when he reached the gate-posts, he stopped and looked back between the rows of young ash-trees at his pleasant home, as if he should never see it again. The children, little Billy,¹ Hannah, Phebe and Polly,² with Madam Bliss's Phillis, perhaps a slave in earlier times, and her baby, and Frank, the black-man of the axe, very likely stood by the door, and the delicate wife Phebe with her new-born baby at the upper window.

Then he rode away to his duty and living or dead did not return.

From Acton, the next town, he writes to his wife the words which his tongue refused to say at their parting.

WHITE'S TAVERN

DEAR MRS. EMERSON

Thro' Mercy have got out of ye bounds of Concord & I find my Spirits rise upon it. 'Tis harder parting with my Family & Flock than perhaps You are aware of. I don't know but You are affronted with me for Leaving You so abruptly, but really 'tis too much to take a formal Leave, without it be in this Way. And now, *Goodb'ye* i.e. *God be with You*, my dear, this is my Prayer, & ye Prayer of all our dear Pious Friends: . . . I can't but hope yt You at home, & I abroad shall reap ye Benefit of our kind Friends' interceding for us at ye Throne of Grace, especially when we keep in ye Way of Duty. I trust yt I am, while I pursue my Journey, & You are, while You rely upon ye love of a kind, watchful Providence for yourself, & for our dear little Ones, & ye whole Family.

And now, my dear, deliver ye foll'g Salutation & Directions to ye respective Persons to whom they are assigned & You'll oblige

¹ Later Rev. William Emerson, first a minister in Harvard, Mass., thence called to be the minister of the First Church in Boston.

² Polly was Miss Mary Moody Emerson, an eccentric woman of great eloquence and piety, constantly alluded to in Mr. R. W. Emerson's letters and journals. See also his account of her in his *Miscellanies*.



Rev. William Emerson.

Your [husband]: — My Love to Billy, & tell him to read a Chapter in ye Family, (when ever his mamma is able to bear it,) ev'ry Morn'g except when there is some Body else can do it better.¹

My Love to *Hannah*, & tell her she must mind what is said to her, & every body will love her. My Love to Phebe & tell her she must learn her Book. My Love to Nurse & tell her to stay till I come back. Love to Ruth, & tell her to be careful, active & complying; to Frank, & tell him to cutt up ye Wood if he has Time & take Care of ye Hay in ye Barn, & ye Flax on ye Grass, & ye Corn in ye Field, yt yy be kept out of Harm's Way. . . .

From every stopping-place on his northward journey came affectionate, cheerful and sometimes entertaining letters to his wife. In one was evidently enclosed some verses to amuse his little William. In a long and cheerful letter from Ticonderoga (Aug. 26th, 1776) to his wife he says:

"Gen. Brickett's brigade which might have been Gen. C's.² are encamped by 'emselves, consisting of about 2 or 3 thousand Men and stationed upon ye North Side of ye Lake together with ye Southern Troops above-mentioned (five fine Regiments from ye Southern Colonies Pensilvania & ye Jerseys, dressed in uniform, that appear as well disciplined as ye best of ye brittish Troops). . . .

"When I arrived here on Saturday, which was just at Dusk, I was more than paid for all ye Fatigue of ye Journey by receiving ye most sincere and cordial Congratulations of Colo. Reed & ye rest of our Friends in ye Regiment, particularly Capt. Miles of Concord & his Company. I wish I may answer their Expectations & be as useful as I hope I desire to be."

He also speaks well of General Gates, who invited him to sup on venison at Head Quarters, gave him a frank and friendly reception, and though not professing himself to have much Religion, said that he looked upon a Chaplain as a very necessary officer in the Army and treated him with more respect than many officers of lower rank did.

¹ No message was sent to "Polly" (Mary) for she had been sent to live with an aunt in another town.

² Colonel Cummings, of Concord, a valued officer in the French War, having now been appointed General, had, to Mr. Emerson's great dismay, perhaps on account of age, refused to accept his commission.

The conditions were then most unfavorable in the Northern Army, made up partly of men worn and demoralized by the brave but disastrous campaign in Canada, partly of raw levies, ill organized and wretchedly provided with needful clothing, only half-sheltered and poorly fed. The time of the year was sickly; a very rainy August. Here were large bodies of men encamped continuously in one place on a clayey soil, with hardly any thought given to what are now to be the essential conditions of health for an army. Parkman's account of the camps of the New England Troops near the same spot some twenty years before in the French War, no doubt applied almost as well to these. Poverty and waste, inexperience and neglect in Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments, — kitchens, sinks, wells and hospitals hopelessly intermingled, and the troops dying in great numbers of diseases now known to be largely preventable, then considered as the judgments of an inscrutable Providence. More than this, many of the soldiers of this Army, (as is told of them also in the French War) reacted strongly under new and demoralizing conditions from their strict bringing-up at home, and some of the officers, aping the free living that they had seen among the officers of the Royal Armies, too often set a bad example to their men.

To a man who saw the extreme need of the Country, and the stakes for which this great game was played, who was not ignorant of military history and, as his exhortation to the Minute-Men of Concord showed, fully believed that a small force of God-fearing men could bear down almost by the mere sound of their trumpets, any number of godless men, however well armed and trained, such a sight was most depressing. His next letters show this, yet it is probable that his courage and enthusiasm would have sustained him, but already, while writing these sadder letters, the poison of camp-fever was in his veins.

He became so ill that, by the physician's advice, he applied for a dismissal, which was granted by General Gates, and he started in hope to reach his distant home. He did not get beyond Rutland, for the disease overpowered him.

He was there received as a guest by the Rev. Benajah Root, who nursed him zealously. From his sick-bed Mr. Emerson wrote to his wife.

‘RUTLAND Sept 23 76

DEAR MRS. EMERSON: — I am now on my way homeward but whether I ever shall reach there is very uncertain. May God give us such a humble acquiescence to his sovereign Will as will bring Honor to God, and Comfort to our own Souls. I desire to leave You & our dear little Ones, to a kind & gracious Providence. My dear, strive for Patience, let not a murmuring Tho’t, & sure not a murmuring Word drop from your Lips. Pray against Anxiety. — don’t distrust God’s making Provision for You. He will take Care of You & by Ways You could not think of. — I desire to leave you in ye Hands of a Covenant keeping God, & whether He sees fit to restore me to Health or not, I am willing to leave ye Matter with him who does all Things well.

May ye God of ye Fathers be your God & yr dear little Ones, whom I would recommend to him, & rest your affectionate Husband

WM. EMERSON

He died a week or two later, probably of typhoid or dysentery. His good host wrote a letter telling of his death “to the Church and people of God in Concord.” In it he said:

He has often expressed his sense of your endearing kindness to him and how he wanted an opportunity to acknowledge it, and, if God should give him opportunity, how he would show his gratitude by exerting himself more vigorously for your good. . . . His Disorder was very afflicting, long and tedious, yet he appeared through the whole of his sickness the most unexampled instance of patience I ever saw. He always appeared to be possessed of the greatest calmness, serenity & composure of mind, never appeared to be in the least surprised at the near views of Death, but met the King of Terrors with the greatest Composure. . . . He was decently interred at this place with the honours of war by a detachment from Colonel Vandyke’s Regt. commanded by Major Shippen.

His body still rests where they laid it; but fifty years later, Concord remembered him with affection and placed a tablet on the hill opposite his Church among the graves over which the Liberty Flag waved on that April morning. On it they wrote: “Enthusiastic, eloquent, affectionate and pious, he loved his Family, his People, his God, & his Country, and to this last he yielded the cheerful sacrifice of his life.”

RETURN OF THE TRUMBULL PAPERS.¹

Mr. FORD gave an account of the proceedings in Hartford on September 17, when the papers of Governor Jonathan Trumbull were formally transferred by the Society to the State of Connecticut. The President, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Lord and Mr. Ford represented the Society. After a lunch at the Hartford Club given by Governor Lake, the party went to Memorial Hall, State Library building, escorted by the First Company of the Governor's Foot Guard. Governor Lake presided and in happy terms introduced the speakers. The presentation of the papers was made by Senator Lodge, whose remarks are printed in full; the papers were accepted by Senator McLean, of Connecticut, and Governor Lake then turned them over to the custody of Mr. George S. Godard, State Librarian. Mr. LODGE spoke as follows:

I esteem myself very fortunate to be permitted to represent the Massachusetts Historical Society on this most agreeable and, I think, in its way, memorable occasion. We have come here to return formally to the State of Connecticut the Trumbull papers. These papers belonged to Jonathan Trumbull, the famous Revolutionary Governor of Connecticut — the only Colonial Governor, as I remember, who from the beginning espoused the American side in the contest with England. He was the friend of Washington, who was said to have first applied to him the name of "Brother Jonathan," and with the papers is the volume containing his correspondence with the great leader of the Revolution. When he retired from office he took with him the papers which constitute a record of these years of service. They remained in the possession of the family for ten years after his death and then were given by David Trumbull, in the name of the family, to the Massachusetts Historical Society. They have continued in the possession of the Society for one hundred and twenty-six years and we now return them to the State of Connecticut, to which they properly belong.

It seems strange to us at the present day that these papers, which are very largely official, should ever have been in any

¹ See *Proceedings*, LIV. 353.

other possession than that of the State of Connecticut. We must not forget, however, that at the time when they were given to the Massachusetts Historical Society that Society, the first formed for historical purposes, was the only one in the country. The States then did not cherish and guard the official records of the past as they now do. The proper preservation of State archives was at that time almost unknown and it is not difficult to understand that David Trumbull, in his anxiety to have the papers preserved, should have committed them to an association formed for that special purpose. There are many other examples of public papers being in private possession, including those of Washington and Hamilton, which have now been long in the possession of the Government of the United States, but the action of David Trumbull, however natural under the circumstances, in giving these papers in 1795 to the Massachusetts Historical Society does not in the least affect the soundness of the general proposition that public records of such importance and value ought to be in the possession and control of the nation or of the state to which they relate. These papers form an important part of the historical records of Connecticut, and the Massachusetts Historical Society is unanimous in feeling that their final resting place should be here in the Connecticut archives. It is pleasant to know that the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society were of one opinion in desiring their return, but it is also fitting to say that the thought, the intent, the necessary effort, the appreciation of the larger meanings of the action were due, as is apt to be the case, to one man, Mr. Worthington C. Ford of the Massachusetts Historical Society, editor, scholar, historian, a man of letters and learning, to whom we are all indebted.

I shall not undertake to describe the contents of the papers, which fill some twenty-eight volumes, in addition to the special volume of Washington's letters, but there are some larger aspects, I think, connected with the return of these papers to which it would be fitting for me to allude. Burke said, "The people will not look forward to posterity who never look back to their ancestors." The same thought was expressed by Macaulay and by many others, so that it

has almost become a truism, which it is well to repeat to-day for there never was a time when reverence for and knowledge of the past were more necessary than at this moment in order to enable us to deal with the great problems of the present and to encourage hopes and stimulate preparation for the future. But we can neither know the past nor learn its lessons unless the evidences upon which the history of the past rests are jealously guarded and preserved for the information of the people and for the use of the student and the historian, whose duty it is to unfold the wondrous tale and set before us the truths, whether sweet or bitter, which lie hidden in dusty volumes and faded writings, mute witnesses of the days that are dead, and which will bring to life the men and women who have played their parts and passed forever from the stage.

Most important of all to us and to the world are the records of the great nation which we have built up and to which our first love and highest allegiance are always due. In those records are enshrined the principles and convictions of the men who won our independence and made the Constitution, through which, embodying as it did the beliefs and aspirations of the people, the United States has grown to greatness and to power. They mean far more, these records, than a mere history of events. Dismiss the utterly mistaken notion that because they were brought forth and established more than 130 years ago they are outworn and fit only for the dust heaps. Great, lasting, general principles were embodied in the Constitution, in the arguments of its framers, in the decisions of Marshall, based on human nature and human history as conceived and understood by some of the best and wisest men whom history can show. These principles of action and government are as alive to-day as when they were enunciated in 1789 and are part of that portion of human thought which the centuries of recorded history have shown to be as enduring as it is impalpable, outlasting all other monuments on the onward march of mankind. Yet, while we place the history of the United States first even as our first duty is to the nation, while we all know that the welfare of each part of our great country involves and is essential to the welfare of the mighty whole,

we must not forget that back of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence lie the foundations upon which the entire structure has been built. Behind those great instruments we see the thirteen original states, the little colonies on the edge of the Atlantic who faced the power of England and won the independence which gave birth to a new nation. There has always been, there must always be, a peculiar bond among the original thirteen states, to each of which belongs one stripe in the flag. We make no distinction and ought never to make any distinction between the oldest and the youngest state, for the Union is over all alike and each one has its star in the banner of the nation. But we should be either more or less than human if, as we turn back the pages of our history, the people of those States which stood together and signed the Declaration in 1776 did not feel that sympathetic interest in each other which a common tradition of courage and sacrifice and final victory must always breed in the human heart.

Turn back the pages again to the earlier days when New England and New York and Virginia were more remote from and more inaccessible to each other than they were to Europe. Those little settlements grouped in loneliness on the Atlantic had their several, separate histories and traditions as yet unshared by other colonies destined to grow and spread from the original settlements, so pathetically small, so hard pressed in their struggle for life. The New England plantations were the first to come together and the bonds among them were extremely close; especially close were the relations between Massachusetts and Connecticut. Thomas Hooker, a very remarkable man, came to Boston in 1633, was ordained pastor of the church at Newtown, and in 1636 migrated with his congregation through the wilderness to the Connecticut valley and founded Hartford and the Connecticut colony. In 1636, John Winthrop, the younger, son of the Massachusetts Governor, came out as Governor of the Connecticut colony. He was succeeded by John Haynes, was re-elected in 1657 and again in 1659 and thereafter continued to be Governor until his death in 1676. In 1637, Theophilus Eaton, coming from Boston, settled at New Haven, and a year later came the Reverend John Davenport,

Edward Hopkins and others also from Boston and the colony of New Haven was founded.

I mention these familiar and well-known names and dates merely to show that Massachusetts and Connecticut were together from the beginning, and that the settlers of both were the same people — alike in race, origin, and purpose. In 1637, Connecticut and Massachusetts fought the Pequods, who were threatening the very existence of the settlements. The result was a complete victory and then, as Cotton Mather puts it, "The land rested for forty years." Very important were those forty years of rest. During that time, prior to the meeting of the Long Parliament, twenty thousand Puritans came from Old to New England and assured the safety and success of the Colonies. In 1643, the two Connecticut and the two Massachusetts colonies formed the New England Confederacy, which lasted for forty years and was the first union of federated states attempted on the North American continent, an attempt destined to find imitators and successors which have become noticeable in the world of men. Connecticut and Massachusetts stood side by side in resistance to the evil government of the Stuart kings. Their soldiers fought together in the old French War and both colonies were alike in opposition to the Stamp Act. Again were they side by side in the Revolution, staying with Washington to the very end, and in New England Washington found certain of the men who were closest to his affection and his confidence; Nathanael Greene of Rhode Island, his best soldier; General Henry Knox of Massachusetts, his Secretary of War; and Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, the great war governor, to whom when seeking help and counsel even in the darkest hour he never turned in vain. The two States joined in unswerving support of the administration of the great soldier whom they had followed so faithfully in the field, and when the Union which he founded met the shock of Civil War their sons went forth as in the Revolution to fight and die in defense of the United States. Once more, in the great world war in our own time, the first troops to go overseas, after the early detachments of regulars, were the 26th Division, all from New England, and once again Connecticut and Massachusetts

found themselves fighting side by side in France and Flanders in defense of their country's rights and for the preservation of freedom and civilization.

It has been a remarkable association in peace and war of these two Commonwealths for nearly three centuries, and yet most significant of all is the beginning, when together they established the little settlements from which these States have grown up capable of such a history and of winning such results.

On an occasion like this, when we are replacing in the archives of Connecticut papers relating to the men and events of the American Revolution, it would be well to pause a moment and inquire what manner of men they were who founded these States; who conquered the wilderness and built up thriving communities on the shores of the Atlantic and upon the land which they cleared from the forest; whose children have gone from the East even to the vast ocean of the West aiding in the development of the great States of the North, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific; who have welcomed the coming of thousands of men of other races, who have become like them staunch Americans, devoted to their common country and who, as we believe, cherish the political principles of the founders as jealously as their descendants. The men who did this work nearly three hundred years ago were members of the powerful Puritan Party in England. Those who went overseas into the new land differed in no respect from those who remained at home and who led the great Rebellion which saved England from becoming a despotic monarchy like those of Europe and made possible the Revolution of 1689, which preserved the liberties of England and upon which modern England and Great Britain were built up. I will not undertake in my own words to describe the Puritans of the Seventeenth Century. That has been done once and for all by Macaulay, and I am going to recall to you some of the passages, as famous as they are familiar, in which he pictures the Puritans who saved English freedom at home and founded the settlements three thousand miles away on the coast of New England. You all know the description to which I refer, but we can well afford to read it again. Here is what Macaulay says:

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down king, church, and aristocracy,—who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged — on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But, when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them

Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest and an useful body.

Such is the verdict of the great historian! Here in this new land the Puritans undertook to establish a theocracy and their rules of daily life were rigid and gloomy, but with their theocracy they also established a democracy. They stood for individual freedom and they laid the cornerstones of republics. The theocracies perished, as they were bound to do, but the democracies survived. The hard and somber rules and habits of daily life gradually faded away. The old harshness and narrowness vanished and gave place to the widest toleration, but the principles upon which these New England communities were built, the deeper qualities of character and purpose, remained and were the cause of the success and the influence which the descendants of the original Puritans and those who have joined them here have maintained for three centuries. These first settlers believed in the largest measure of individual freedom, but they were convinced that freedom could not endure unless law and order prevailed. The stern courage which they exhibited on the battlefields of England and Europe and when face to face with the onslaught of savages was carried into their daily life. They did not bewail their fate which brought them to a land of great natural beauty, but of few natural gifts. They did not complain because they were planted on a rocky soil and were compelled to bear the extremes of a climate which in winter was one of intense severity. They developed farms and farmed successfully. They made good use of the vast forests which stretched before them as they took up their western march. They found aid in the water-power of their rivers. They did not sit and gaze helplessly

at the ocean — gray and stormy, as it so often was. They went forth upon it in their little ships which, as the years passed, ranged far and wide; were found in the Arctic seas in pursuit of the whale; in the tropical oceans; and in every port in Europe. Their fisheries and their trade brought them wealth, while the people at home maintained themselves successfully despite the too often niggardly soil. Undismayed by the lack of minerals, they built up with untiring energy great industries. They made countless mechanical inventions. They developed a literature which will live as long as men read and think. They never whined over the hardships or the difficulties of life but met and overcame them. Their Bibles told them, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and from the work thus enjoined in the Bible they never shrank. They did not regard work as an affliction and a wrong, but as wholly right and that which made life worth living. They held labor in honor, whether it was wrought out with the hand or the brain. They believed in education and they revered learning. When with thankful hearts we, who are their heirs whether by descent or adoption, acknowledge the success in every field of human activity of these New England states, we find the secret of it all, if we reflect, in the principles of conduct and in the character and qualities, moral and intellectual, of the men who established themselves three hundred years ago on the edge of the New England wilderness. It is a precious inheritance and, while we cherish it, we may feel all confidence in the welfare of the Republic and in the future of the United States, where we have reason to believe in these troubled days is garnered up the best hope for the future of humanity and for the cause of freedom and civilization.

Once more let me, as I close, quote the imposing sentences of the son of Sirach:

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Leaders of the people by their counsels and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people; wise and eloquent in their instructions; all these were honored in their generations and were the glory of their times.

Their seed standeth fast and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain forever and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth forevermore. The people will tell of their wisdom and the congregation will show forth their praise.

Remarks were made during the meeting by Messrs. MERRIMAN and RHODES.